

the Sing along with



COLORING BOOK

text by ILONA FABIAN

cartoons by VICTOR VASHI

a little shocking pink book
printed by Sov-o'Press



Dear Caroline:

Is it true that you wrote a "coloring book", or only propaganda? Well, yours is not the first one. We have had coloring books long before you. And we don't just sit there and color books, but we are changing the color of the whole world. Bet your Daddy can't do that. Our "New Frontier" too, is much older than yours. We had one in East Europe in 1945, and now we've got us a "Newest Frontier" in Cuba, right next door to you. So you are now my little neighbor, Caroline, and I hope that we will get along fine, that is if you do things my way. My Grandpa taught me the words of your famous poet, Annie Get-your-Gun Oakley: "Anything you can do, we can do better."

Yours truly:

NyEtotchda

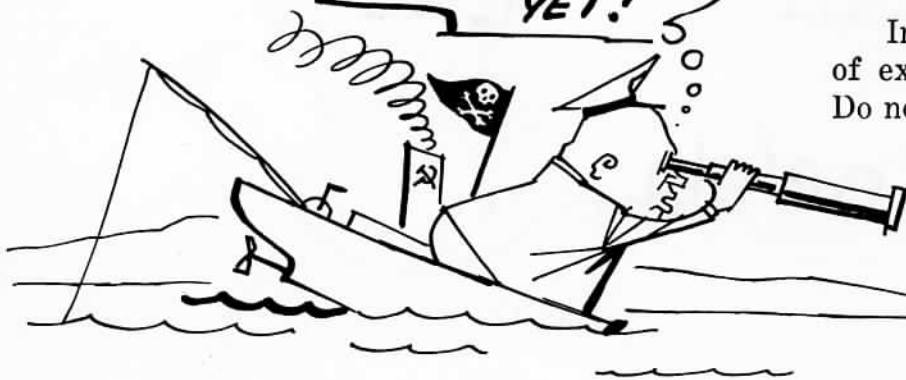


This is my Grandpa Nikita. He is a very important man. He is the Crime Minister of the USSR. He is not only my Grandpa, but the Grandpa of all good little Russian boys and girls who know how to behave. If you are a nice, obedient little girl, Caroline, you too, may grow up as one of Grandpa Nikita's grandchildren. Grandpa loves to kiss babies, especially American babies. Everybody loves my Grandpa. The Hungarians are wild about him. He told me that when he was in America they followed him everywhere and that your MVD had a hard time keeping them from tearing him apart. This was because they were so grateful for his big tanks.

BY JUPITER,
MERCURY AND
ALL YE GODS,
I'LL GET YOU
YET!

My Grandpa loves to go fishing. Especially in murky waters. He heard that fishing was excellent in Cuba, so now he's got his fishing-fleet over there with 130 boats and I would be surprised if he didn't catch some real big fish in South America. I'd like him to take me along on his biggest one, the "Brinkman-ship", which has all the new gadgets for fishing and can even fire missiles.

Instructions for coloring: Follow advice of experts who say he is the blackest black. Do not whitewash.



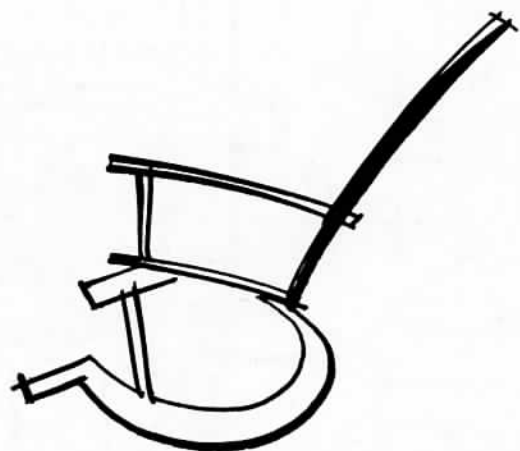


This is my Grandma Nina. I don't know for sure that she is my real grandma, as I heard from a man who knows about everything—he's Ivan Roughnik our body-guard and also our kitchen maid's boy-friend—that my real grandma is building Socialism in a prison-camp. I asked Grandpa if this was true, but he told me to shut up and that it was very uncultured to repeat Fascist propaganda. (Ivan and the kitchen maid are now living in their own doghouse in Siberia.)

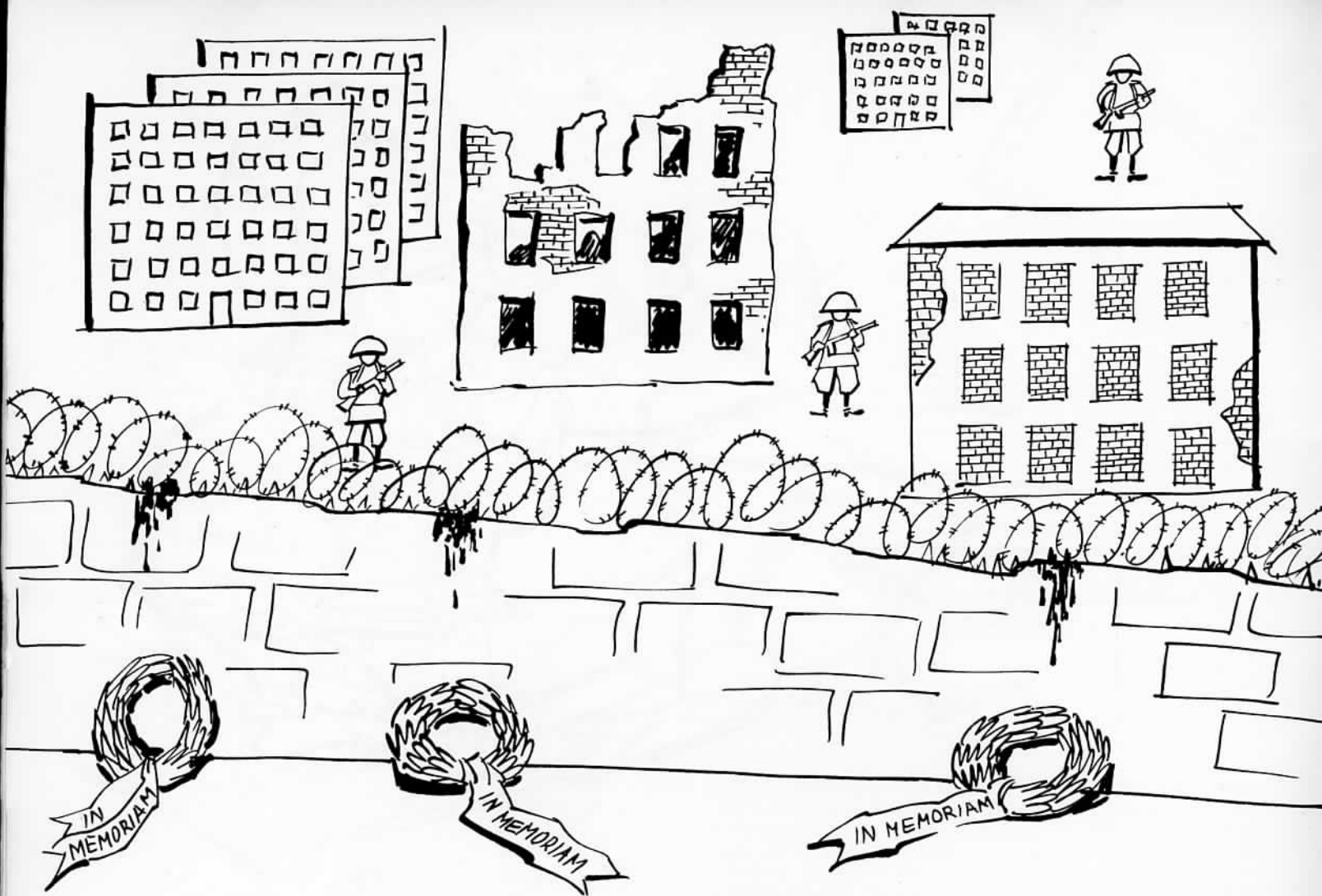
My Grandma doesn't go water-skiing like your Ma. She says life with Grandpa is dangerous enough. And isn't her swimming-suit chic? Could anyone find fault with it?

My Grandma is going to conduct "Kremlin-tours", which will be far more exciting than your White House tours. Ivan the Terrible and Stalin never slept in the White House, not even Grandpa did. You don't even have a ghost, but we have one, Stalin's ghost, or do you call it spirit? Sometimes he even succeeds in scaring my Grandpa. And we have lots and lots of skeletons in our closets.

Color grandma kind of mousy.

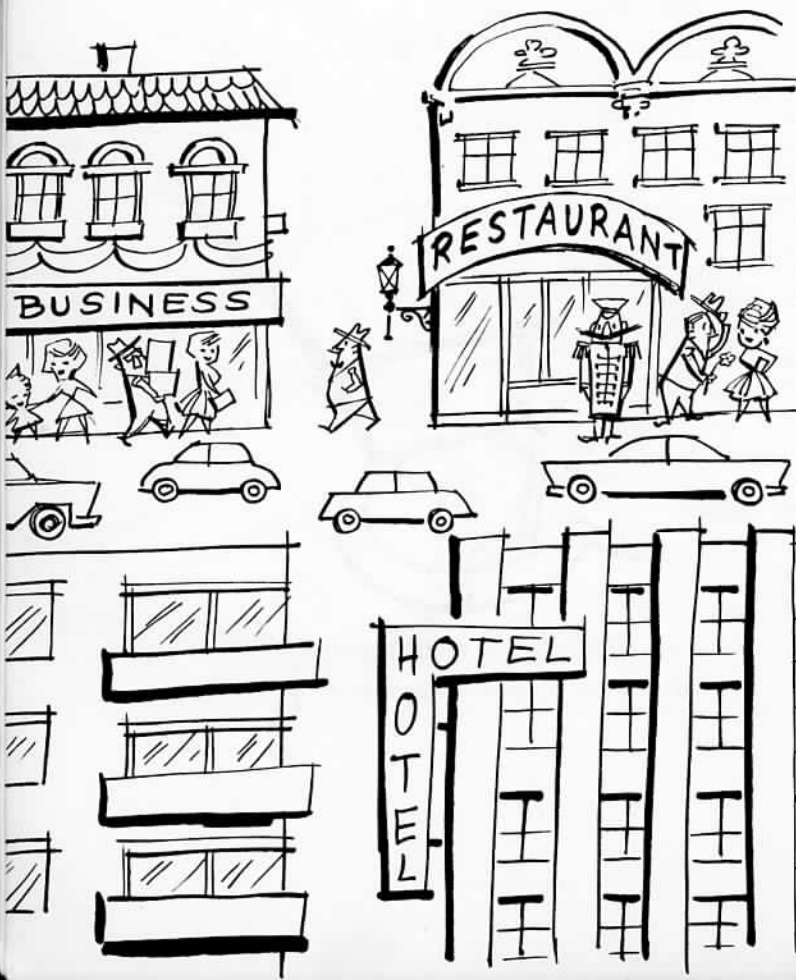


Grandpa's rocking chair
(it's empty because he is now off his rocker.)



My Grandpa has a new hobby each year. Last year it was architecture. He built a tremendous new wall in Berlin, right through the middle. Berlin has now become a walled-city. People love old walled cities and it is now a great attraction for the tourist trade. Grandpa says it is also very practical. The West Berliners always escaped to East Berlin, not only to see how the other half lives, but because East Berlin is so cozy and they have such a lot of parking space. So now, the West Berliners are angry and the East Berliners grumble because they liked to go slumming into West Berlin. Well, you can't do everybody right.

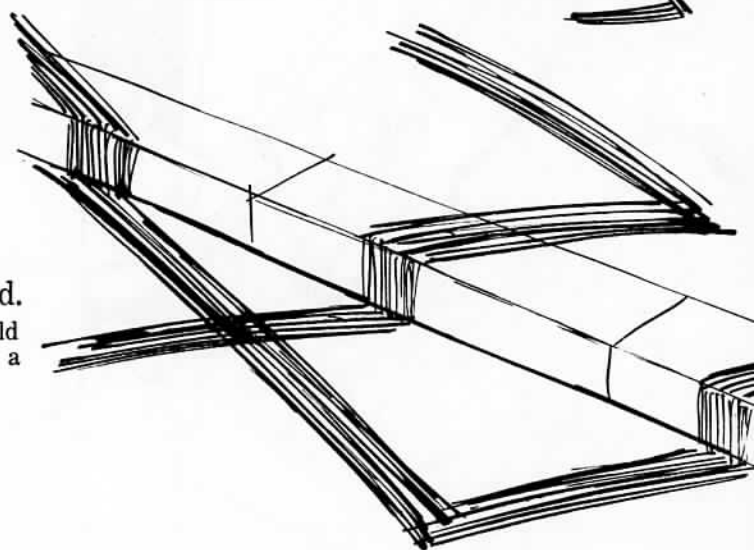
Color West Berlin green, because the grass is always greener on the other side. For East Berlin a kind of drab will do.

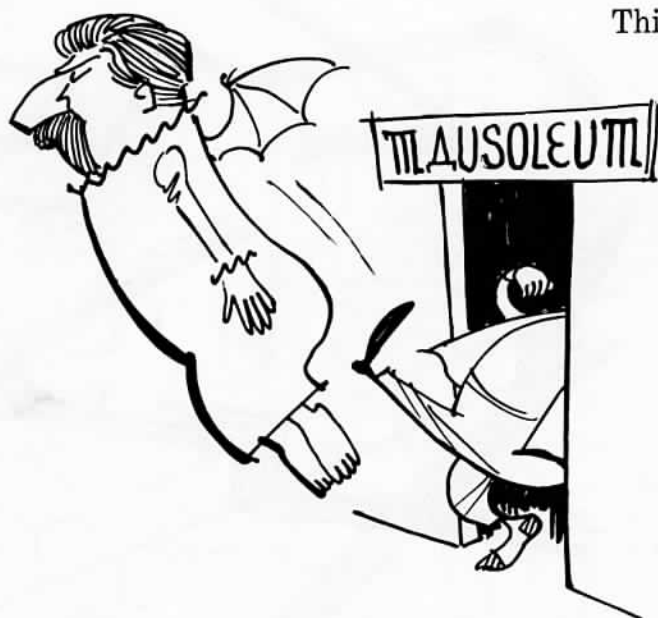
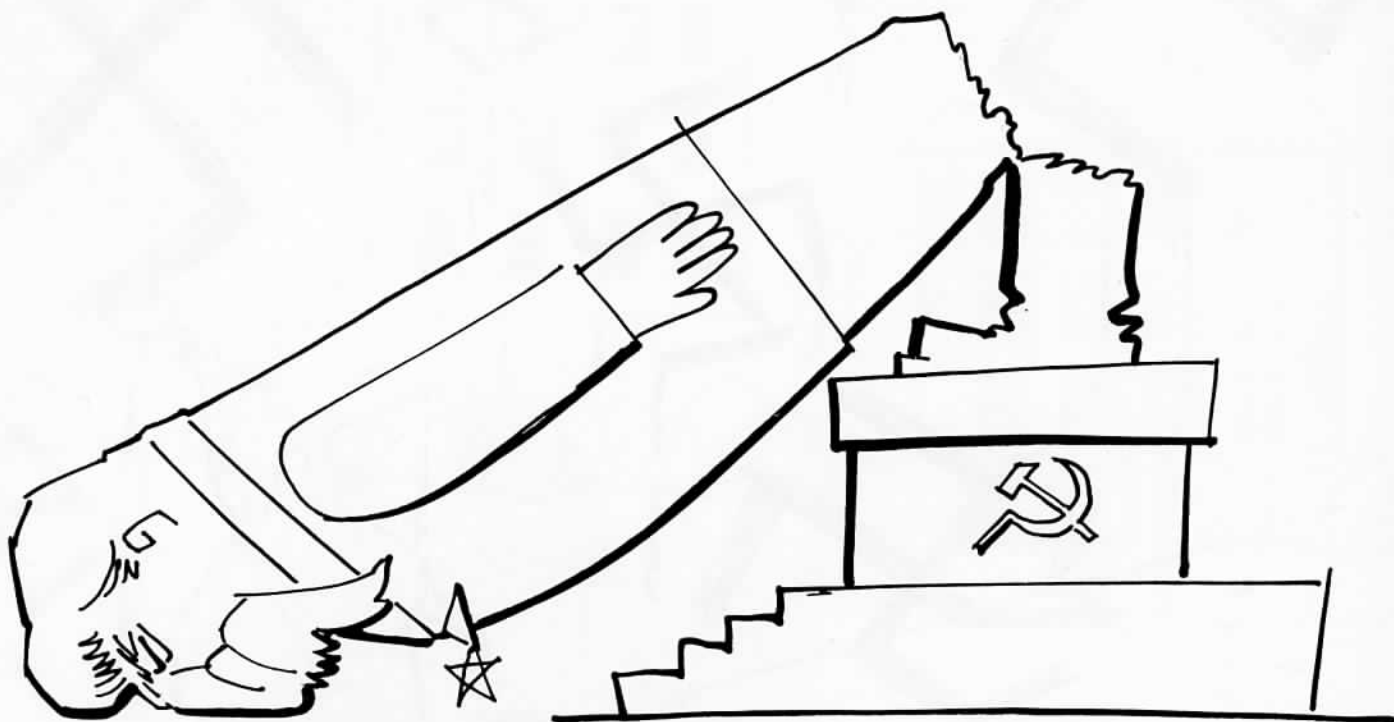




My Grandpa is also a great painter. His works of art are very special. He belongs to the so-called "Surnazist" school of painters and has already surpassed his old master (house) painter, Adolf Hitler, the founder of the school. Even experts cannot tell his Swastikas from the original. It has become the latest rage for young talents to copy my Grandpa and they are now painting Swastika murals and side-walk Swastikas even in far away Argentina and Uruguay. There was a great exhibition at the Youth Festival in Helsinki, last Summer. It was a great hit and some of the painters got hit on the head by Fascists and reactionaries who know nothing about art. Thus they acquired the "beatnik" look.

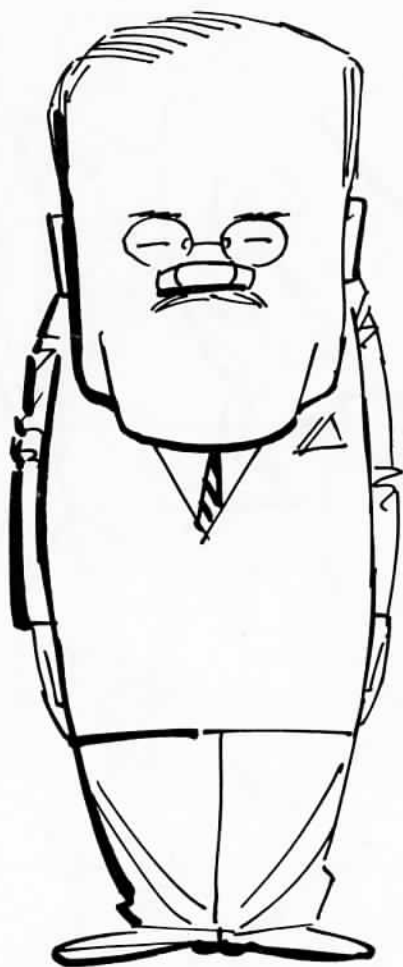
Color Swastikas Red on Black or Black on Red.
(Don't exhibit this kind of painting in the White House. It would be out of style and your Ma might chase you out with a broomstick.)





This is big, bad Joe, known as Stalin. And I don't call him uncle. He was a very wicked man. He made Grandpa do a lot of nasty things to people in the Ukraine and he made him dance the Gopak. Oh, how Grandpa hated to dance the Gopak. So now, when people start grumbling Grandpa can blame everything on wicked old Joe. Grandpa is a great patron of the arts, so he had all the ugly Stalin statues removed. Everybody was so happy doing this, that in the end they wanted to remove Grandpa's portraits too, and he had to put an end to that. Once, there was a big stink in our country, but Grandpa immediately found out that it came from the Lenin-Stalin Mausoleum, so he had old Joe thrown out.

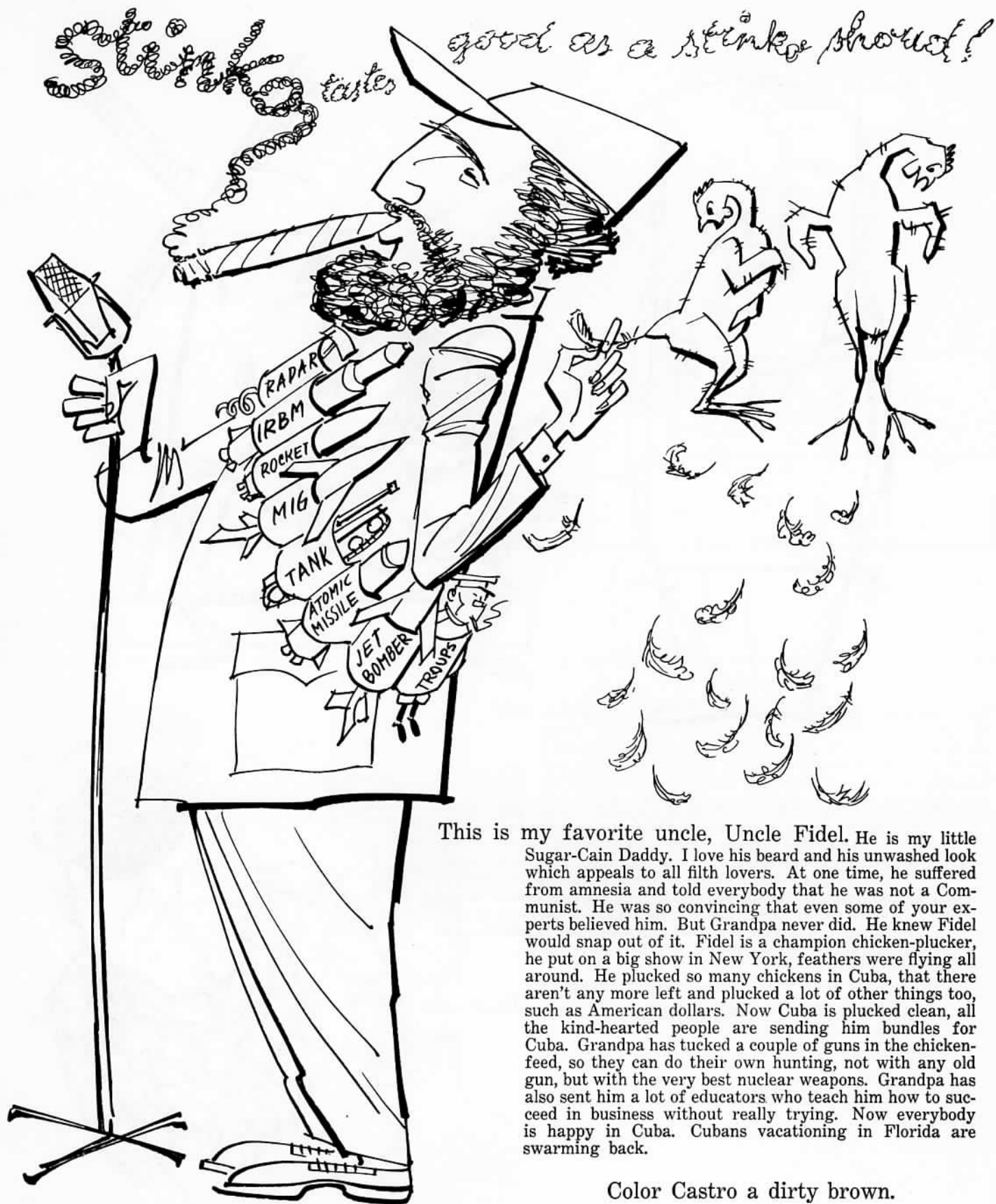
No need to color old Joe, erase him as Grandpa did.



This is Molotov, Malenkov and Zhukov. They are Stalinists, or should I say were? Stalinists are very bad people. They conspired against Grandpa and wanted to seize power. But Grandpa found out just in time. "You want more power?" he asked Malenkov, "there is a nice power-station waiting for you in the desert." No one has seen or heard of him ever since, nor of Zhukov. Old Molotov is still around. Grandpa says that nowadays old Bolshies never die, they just fade away.

No need to waste your crayons on them.





This is my favorite uncle, Uncle Fidel. He is my little Sugar-Cain Daddy. I love his beard and his unwashed look which appeals to all filth lovers. At one time, he suffered from amnesia and told everybody that he was not a Communist. He was so convincing that even some of your experts believed him. But Grandpa never did. He knew Fidel would snap out of it. Fidel is a champion chicken-plucker, he put on a big show in New York, feathers were flying all around. He plucked so many chickens in Cuba, that there aren't any more left and plucked a lot of other things too, such as American dollars. Now Cuba is plucked clean, all the kind-hearted people are sending him bundles for Cuba. Grandpa has tucked a couple of guns in the chicken-feed, so they can do their own hunting, not with any old gun, but with the very best nuclear weapons. Grandpa has also sent him a lot of educators who teach him how to succeed in business without really trying. Now everybody is happy in Cuba. Cubans vacationing in Florida are swarming back.

Color Castro a dirty brown.



I hear your Daddy is on bad terms with Uncle Fidel. Uncle Fidel always complains that your Daddy wants to invade him. (What is invade, and how do you do it?) Grandpa says it is much better to talk things out. Uncle Fidel is very good at talking and he can yak all night until everybody drops dead. Grandpa also said you should stop snubbing Uncle Fidel, instead you should invite him to your Uncle Bobby's swimming pool and push him in with all his clothes on. This is supposed to lend you status—whatever that is—and it saves you a lot of money getting yourself and your clothes washed at the same time. So just give Uncle Fidel a little push. He may come out clean—for once—or not at all. Put in a few sharks for good measure.

Caution: Don't color water in swimming pool blue, after Uncle Fidel has had his bath. Disinfect with chlorine.

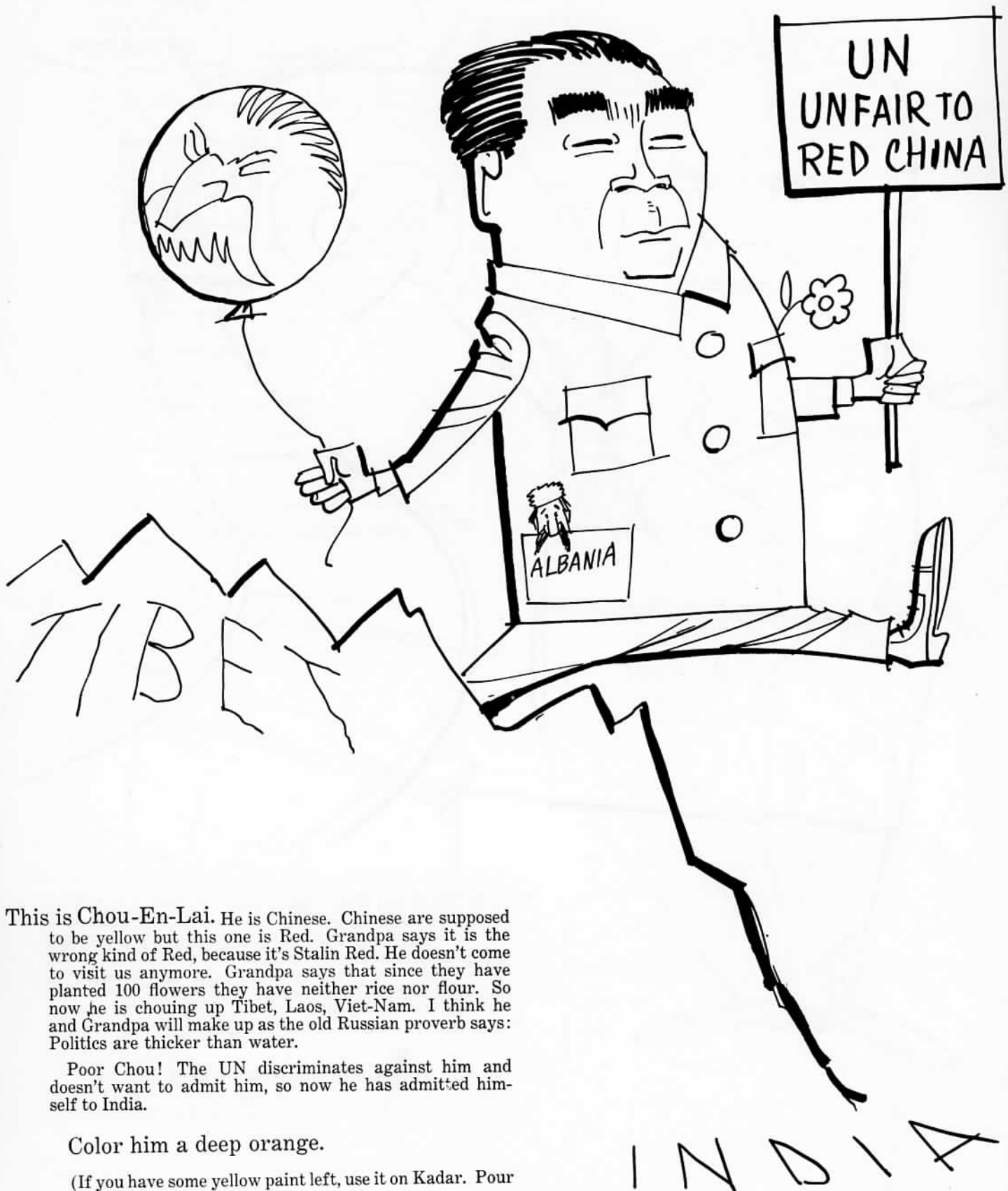


Are you now working more and enjoying it less?



This is Uncle Nehru. He says that he is "uncommitted" which is the Hindu word for being Grandpa's friend. He is also a great peace-lover, just like Grandpa. He hates war, especially, if the enemy is big and strong.

Color him a shocking pink, Menon in an even shockinger pink.

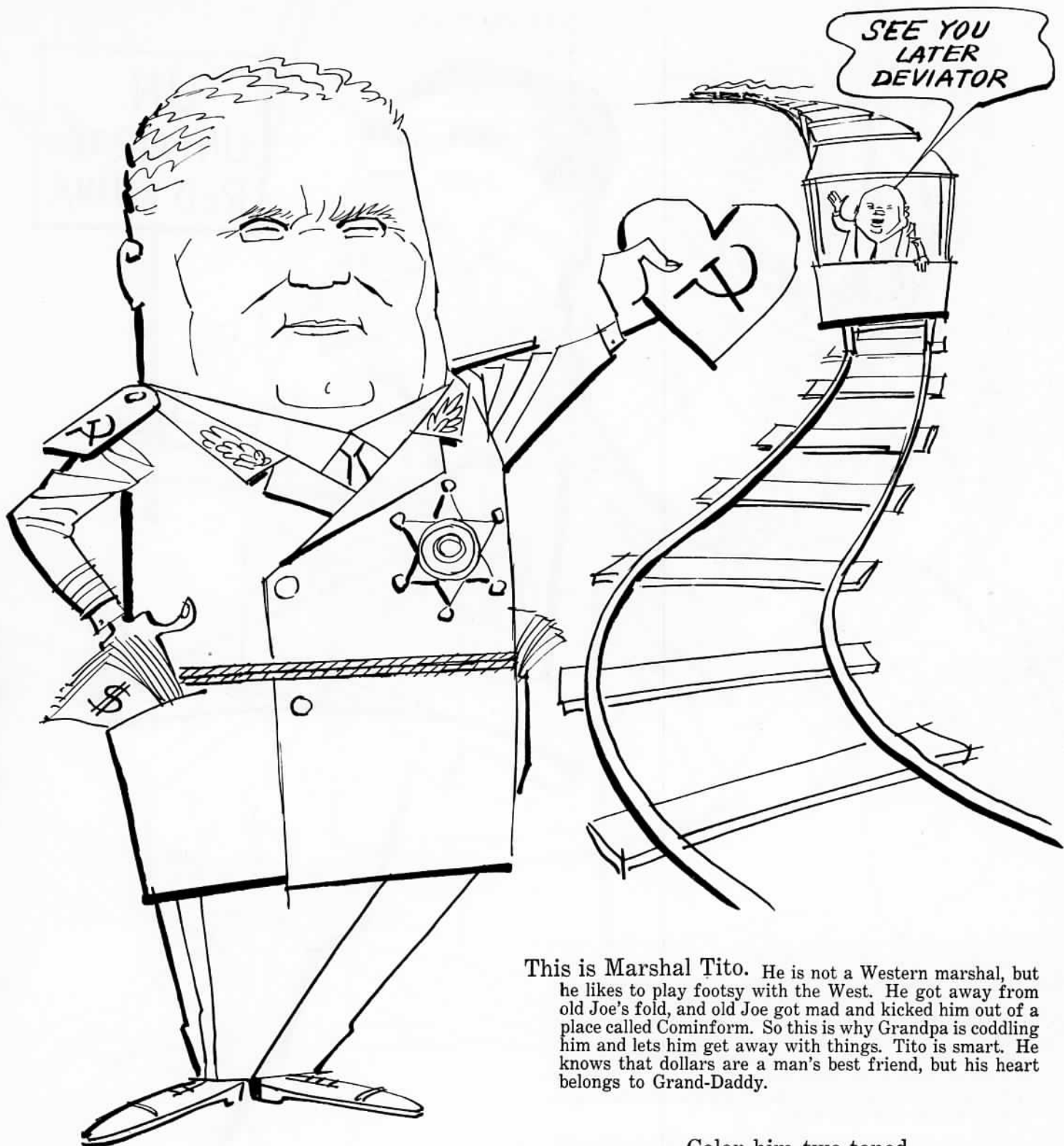


This is Chou-En-Lai. He is Chinese. Chinese are supposed to be yellow but this one is Red. Grandpa says it is the wrong kind of Red, because it's Stalin Red. He doesn't come to visit us anymore. Grandpa says that since they have planted 100 flowers they have neither rice nor flour. So now he is chousing up Tibet, Laos, Viet-Nam. I think he and Grandpa will make up as the old Russian proverb says: Politics are thicker than water.

Poor Chou! The UN discriminates against him and doesn't want to admit him, so now he has admitted himself to India.

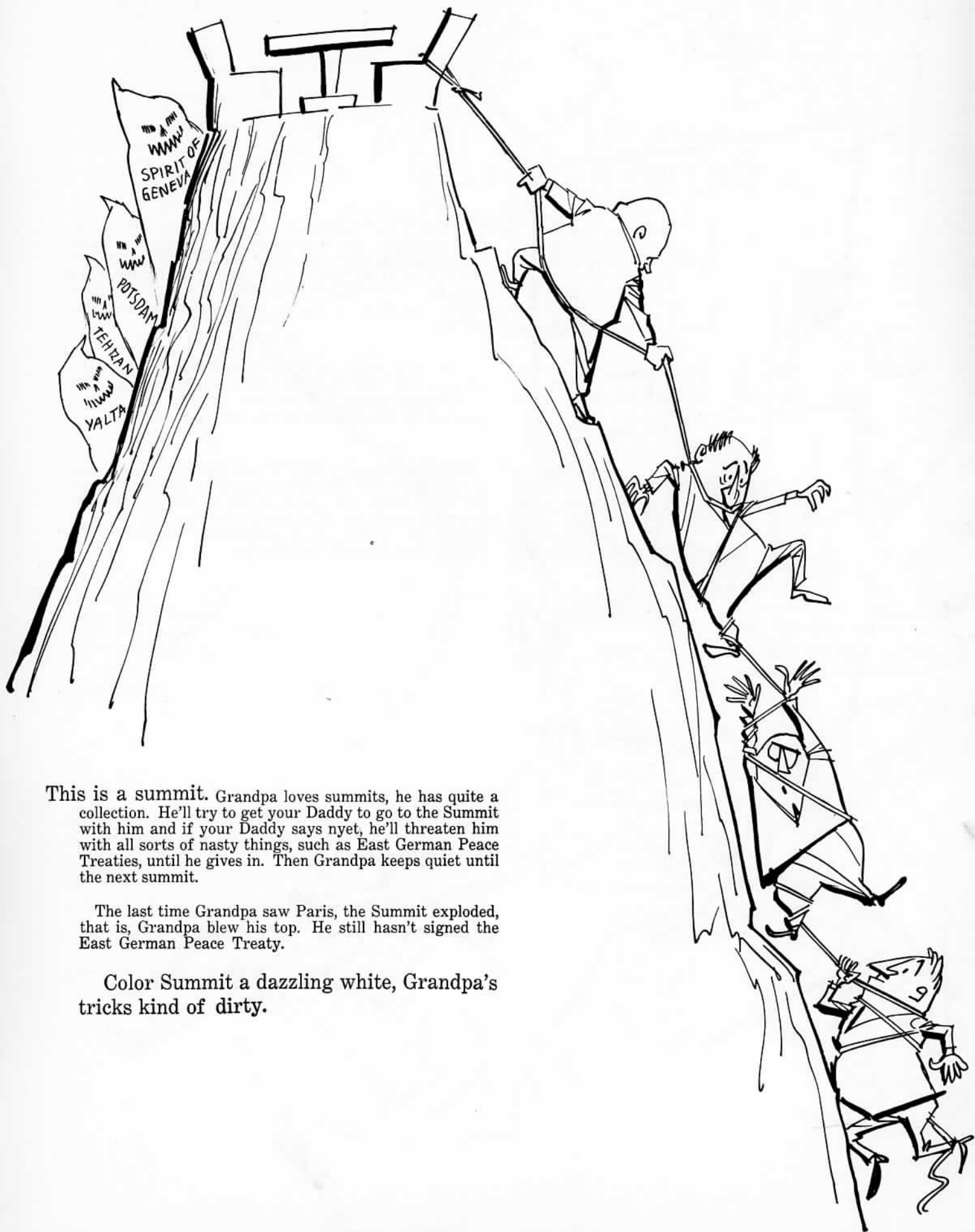
Color him a deep orange.

(If you have some yellow paint left, use it on Kadar. Pour it on thick.)



This is Marshal Tito. He is not a Western marshal, but he likes to play footsy with the West. He got away from old Joe's fold, and old Joe got mad and kicked him out of a place called Cominform. So this is why Grandpa is coddling him and lets him get away with things. Tito is smart. He knows that dollars are a man's best friend, but his heart belongs to Grand-Daddy.

Color him two-toned.



This is a summit. Grandpa loves summits, he has quite a collection. He'll try to get your Daddy to go to the Summit with him and if your Daddy says nyet, he'll threaten him with all sorts of nasty things, such as East German Peace Treaties, until he gives in. Then Grandpa keeps quiet until the next summit.

The last time Grandpa saw Paris, the Summit exploded, that is, Grandpa blew his top. He still hasn't signed the East German Peace Treaty.

Color Summit a dazzling white, Grandpa's tricks kind of dirty.



This is the UN. I don't know what it is for, do you? I hear they sometimes have shows—or is it shoes?—and sometimes they even have showdowns. I hear, one of them, the "U. S. Steal Hour" starring the Karl Marx Brothers and their Stooges, was quite a hit. When Grandpa was there last he stole the show, not the UN, which he is also trying to steal.

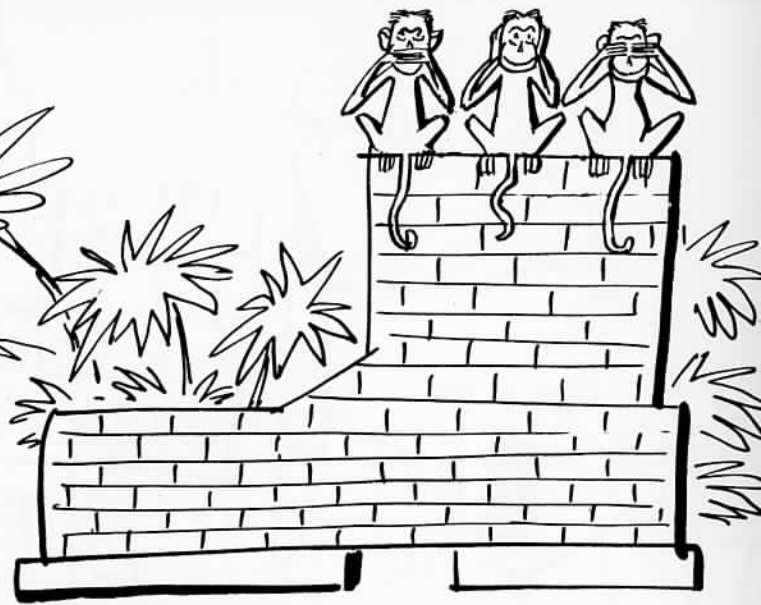
Grandpa thinks the whole place is mismanaged and going to pots, that's why he won't invest a kopeck.

Grandpa knows that one man can't run such a big place all by himself, that is why he wants a troika.

Grandpa has two wonderful men who are a great help in running the UN: Gromyko, whom I call Smiley and good old Uncle Zorin, who is an expert in solving crises by throwing people out of windows. Grandpa now wants to replace old Gromy with a tape-recorder saying NYET. This is what they call automation.

Grandpa thinks the UN is in the wrong place—or do you say bad spot? It should be in the middle of the Congo. It should be rebuilt in pure Khrushchovian style.

“There was an ole UN
That lived in a shoe
It had so many members
It didn’t know what to do . . .”



Color inside half red, half uncommitted
with little white dots here and there.

This is the newest UN delegate. He is a great peace lover after having killed off all the enemy tribes. His favorite sport and relaxation is to go head-hunting. Grandpa and he have a lot in common.

Color UN delegate purple as in
purple-people-eater.





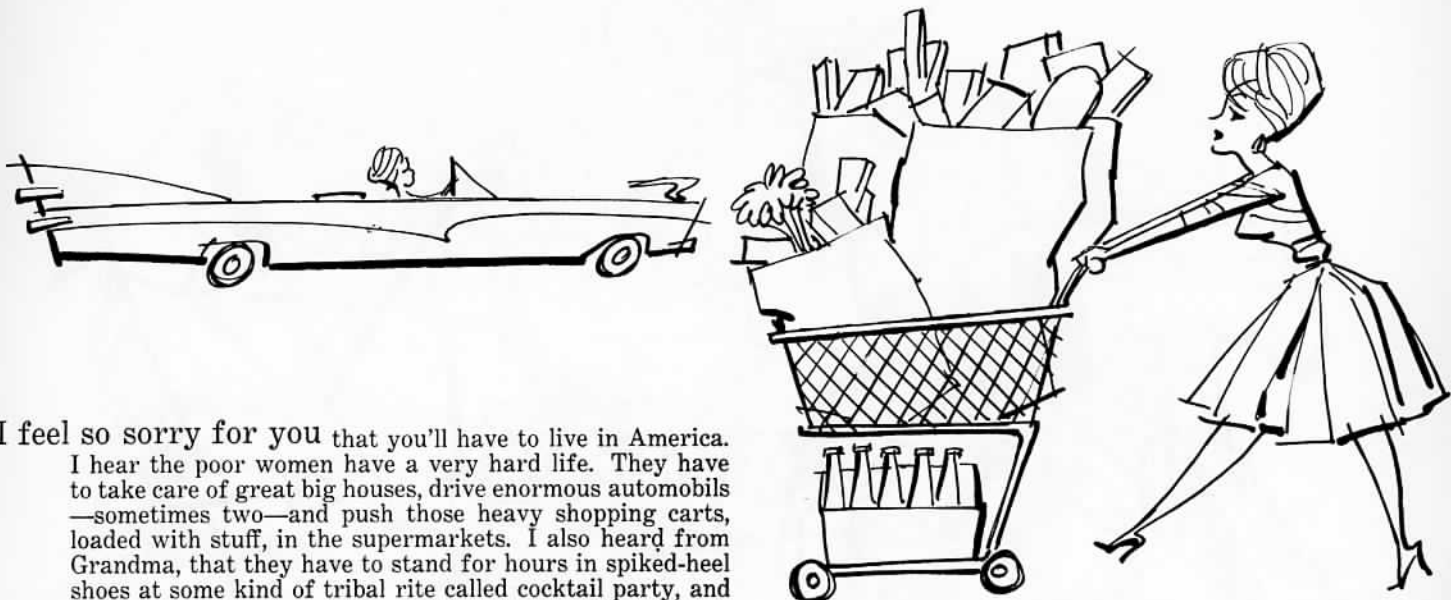
I am a very cultured little girl so I know a lot about America. I know more than you will ever get to know about the USSR. (Unless you come snooping around in a U2, but that would be very uncivilized.) My Grandpa told me a lot about your funny tribal customs. He had a wonderful time, especially, when he came to America two years ago (without Grandma), disguised as UN Delegate. (But then he spoke in shoe-language, which everybody understood and everybody recognized him.) He told me New York was such a jungle, that one of his sailors got lost and has gone native.

The first time, he was overprotected, they never even let him see a typical American picket-line, they didn't let him kiss babies, maybe they were afraid he would catch the measles, they took him to Hollywood, which bored him stiff, with Grandma sitting there watching. And he didn't even get an honorary degree from the Undertaker's College.

It was very nasty of you not to let Grandpa go to Disneyland. You were probably ashamed, as I hear, that Disneyland is a very backward country, and you didn't want him to see those old stern-wheelers and old trains with steam-engines. We wouldn't be so mean. If you come to visit me in Moscow—that is if Grandpa won't disinvite you—I'll show you some real fine examples of outdoor plumbing, that date back to the Czars and we have veritable antiques in housing, too.

To make it realistic use paint that keeps peeling off.

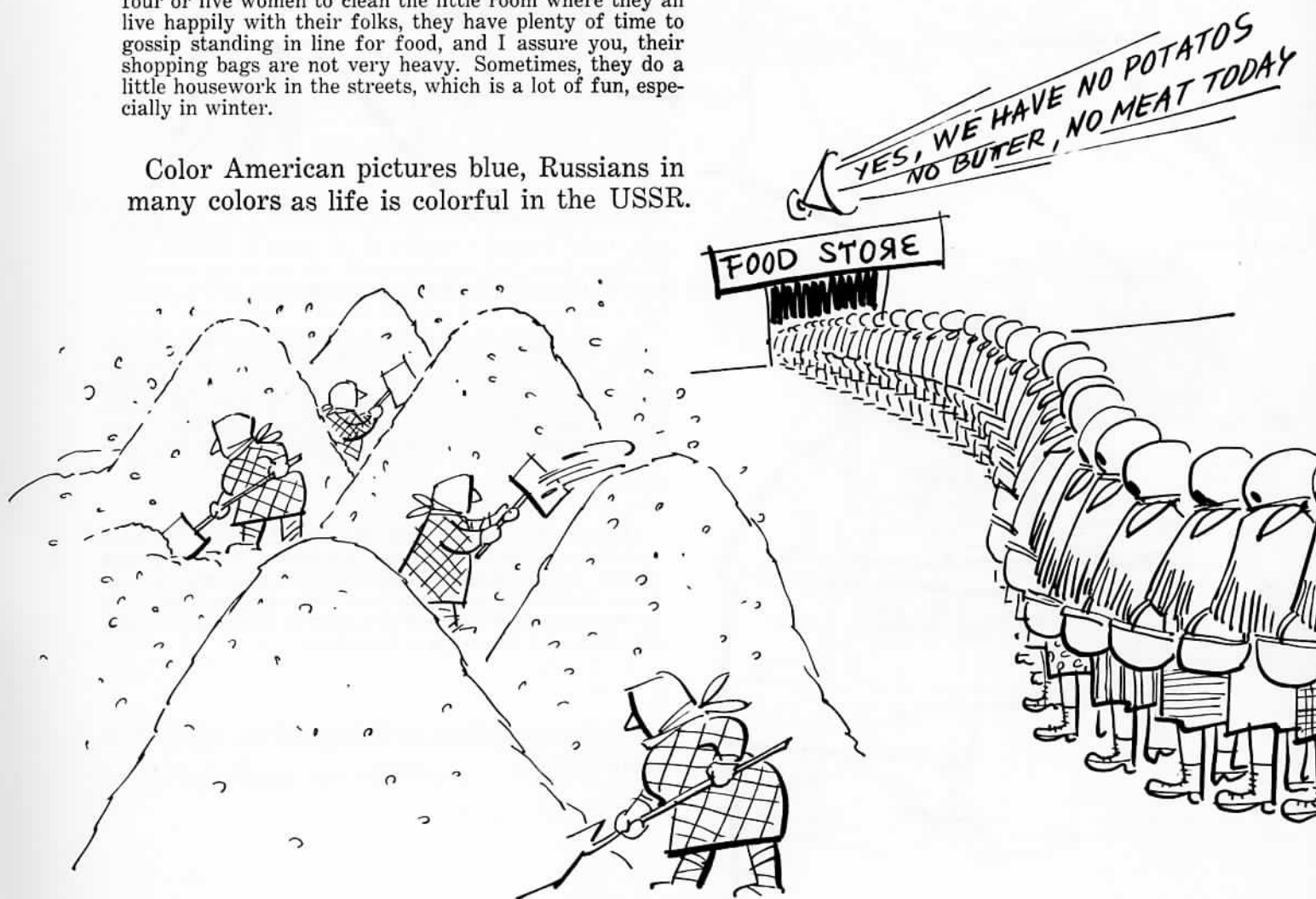




I feel so sorry for you that you'll have to live in America. I hear the poor women have a very hard life. They have to take care of great big houses, drive enormous automobiles—sometimes two—and push those heavy shopping carts, loaded with stuff, in the supermarkets. I also heard from Grandma, that they have to stand for hours in spiked-heel shoes at some kind of tribal rite called cocktail party, and if they want to take a little rest they have to hire a couch for a lot of money from a kind of witch doctor called psychiatrist.

Our women have it much better. It's really not hard for four or five women to clean the little room where they all live happily with their folks, they have plenty of time to gossip standing in line for food, and I assure you, their shopping bags are not very heavy. Sometimes, they do a little housework in the streets, which is a lot of fun, especially in winter.

Color American pictures blue, Russians in many colors as life is colorful in the USSR.





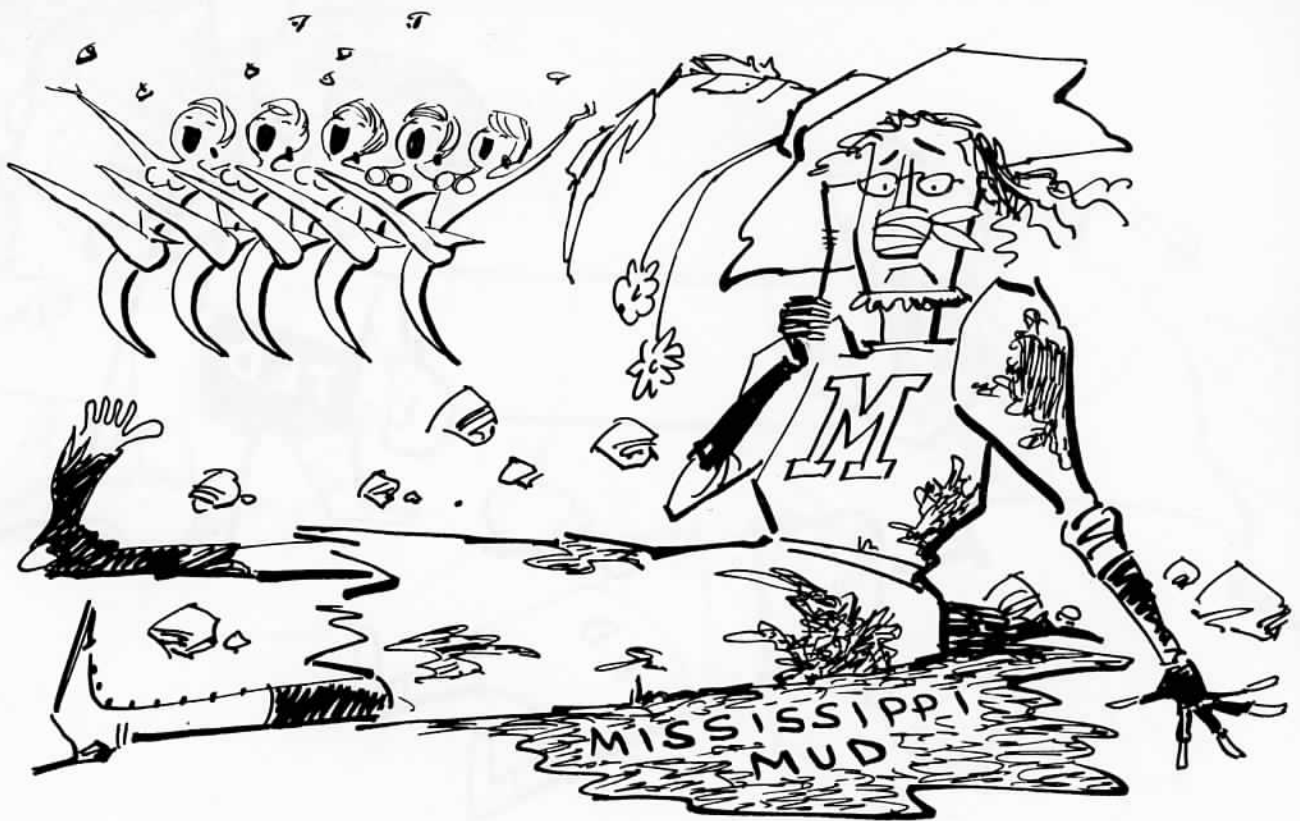
This is a Kultural Exchange program.

Grandpa says you are cheating us, because we send you Swan Lake and grand opera and you send us soap-operas and horse-operas in exchange. Besides, your country must be very sick, as you have nothing but doctors and nurses on television. Have you ever seen the one called Ben Crazy, about a doctor who is mad at everybody, or is it past your bedtime?

Don't send us any of your silly old Westerns. We have no cows, so we're not interested in cowboys. And no Indians please. We know better how to take care of internal enemies. We don't need any of your crime stories either. We have gangsters of our own and some of them are untouchable and over here it is a live show.

Color gangsters in living colors, victims in dead colors.



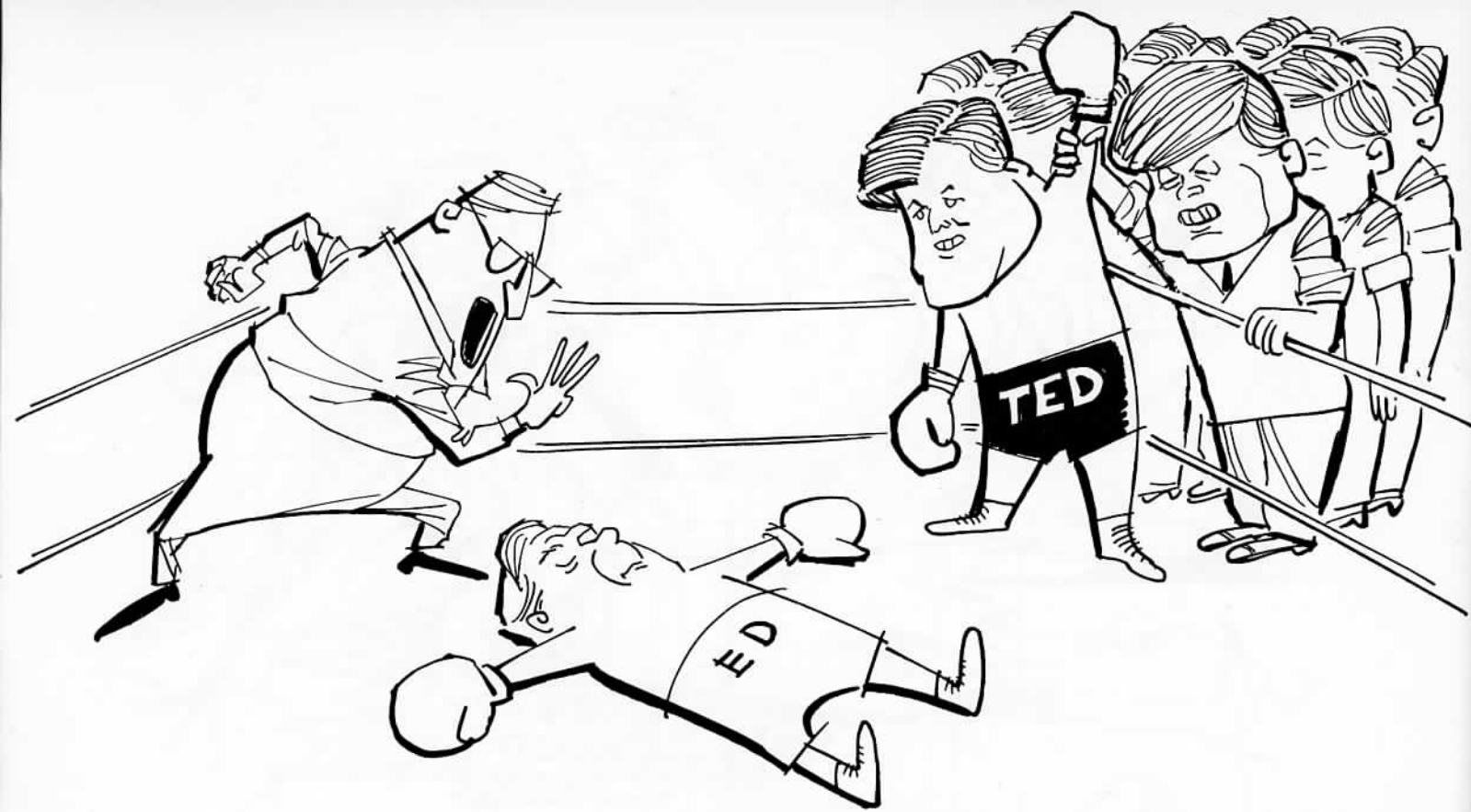


But your new program, a "Southern" that's real hot stuff. It's Grandpa's favorite. He watches it all the time and even I am allowed to watch it. It is about a colored fellow who wants to go to an Ole Miss, and the bad boys won't let him in. (Why he needs an Ole Miss when there are lots of young ones around, that is beyond me.) It is such a nice violent show and there is a dance group called the "Little Rockettes", and oh my, how they can kick and throw things too. In the end, 15,000 marshals move in, there is a big battle between the good marshals and the bad marshals. (Yes, Caroline, there are bad marshals, Marshal Zhukov was one) and so our hero gets his Old Miss among fireworks. I don't know if they are going to live happily ever after as it is what you call a continuous performance. Grandpa thinks, it should be shown coast to coast—from the coast of China to the coast of South America.

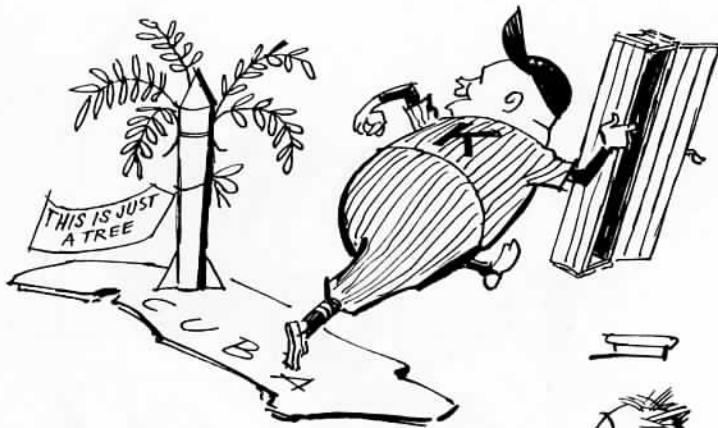
Color it kind of bloody.

I love to listen to "Radio Free Dixie," the Cuban cossacks are terrific!





Grandpa was shocked at your rough sports. Especially, the one called "primary". Is that a kind of a prize fight? Then there is the one you call beisball. This is a very strenuous game for the ones who watch it. Fancy, sitting there for hours, eating hot dogs and yelling your heads off, and I hear some people get glued to their television sets and one's got to scrape them off. It is such a confusing game. How come the Yankees beat the Dodgers, but the dodgers always win on dodging the Cuba issue. Isn't this strange?



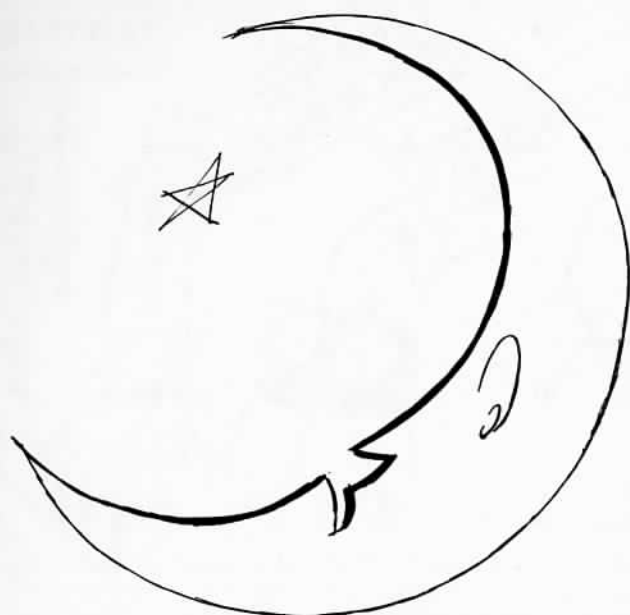
I hear the World Series have opened in Havana too, with the Moscow Red Socks playing against the Washington Braves. The Moscow Red Socks are off base and there are lots of balls, strikes and errors, Nickey Dismantle has hit a home run . . . but who's winning the game?

Grandpa would like to get into your ball-game too. He would like your Daddy to play ball with him, but he prefers soft ball to touch football.



We are of course, much better at sports. You should see our annual spectacular soccer-game in the Kazakhstan Dustbowl. You should see Grandpa sock his agricultural experts in the jaw for growing nothing.

Color fields dusty, machines rusty.



This is a Soviet cosmonaut. We have lots and lots of them, so nobody cares if one or two get lost. We even have dog-gone-outs and one of our fellows turned into an eagle in outer space. We don't monkey around and we think it is very uncultured of you to try to get to the moon first. Everybody here wants to be a cosmonaut as it is their only chance to get out of here and they aren't so eager to get back either. Grandpa has to lure them back by promising them a two-room apartment of their own. I hear, your cosmonauts are always in a hurry to get home, when they don't even get two-room apartments nor a kiss from Grandpa.

I too, want to be a cosmonaut when I grow up. I wanted to study at the famous Patrice Lumumba Academy in Moscow, but Grandpa said that whites weren't allowed. By the time I grow up there'll be a nice hotel on the Moon, called the "Red Moon" and not the "Moon-Hilton" and they are going to serve moonshine-vodka. I'll send you a nice picture postcard as soon as I get there. Hope the censor will let it through.

Color moon in a glowing greenish yellow, the color of envy.





These are peace-walkers. They are a branch of the Soviet Army, but a lot of them do not know it. Grandpa is so happy when they peace-walk in New York and around your house shouting "Ban the Bomb."

Last summer, some of them went astray and showed up in Moscow, and sat down in Red Square—they must have been very tired from such a long peace-walk. But I think it was the wrong time and the wrong place, as Grandpa was just doing a little testing of his own in the Arctic with 100 megaton bombs which really hurt no one, it's only your bombs that poison the milk and do other nasty things. So Grandpa told them to go to a place called HECK—he used another word, but you cannot put an off-color word in a coloring book—and he didn't even send them coffee.

Well, I suppose East is East and West is West—even if it sounds corny.

Color them kind of nutty.



Grandpa is very satisfied with the Disarmament Conference in Geneva, which has been going on and on and on and on and on. This is the last bulletin the Geneva doctors issued on the 5673rd day of the conference:

Temperature: Cold
Nyet count: 10,851
Condition of patient: hopeless
Diagnosis of Conference: Fruitful.

Does this mean full of fruit?

Color: Lemons and sour grapes.



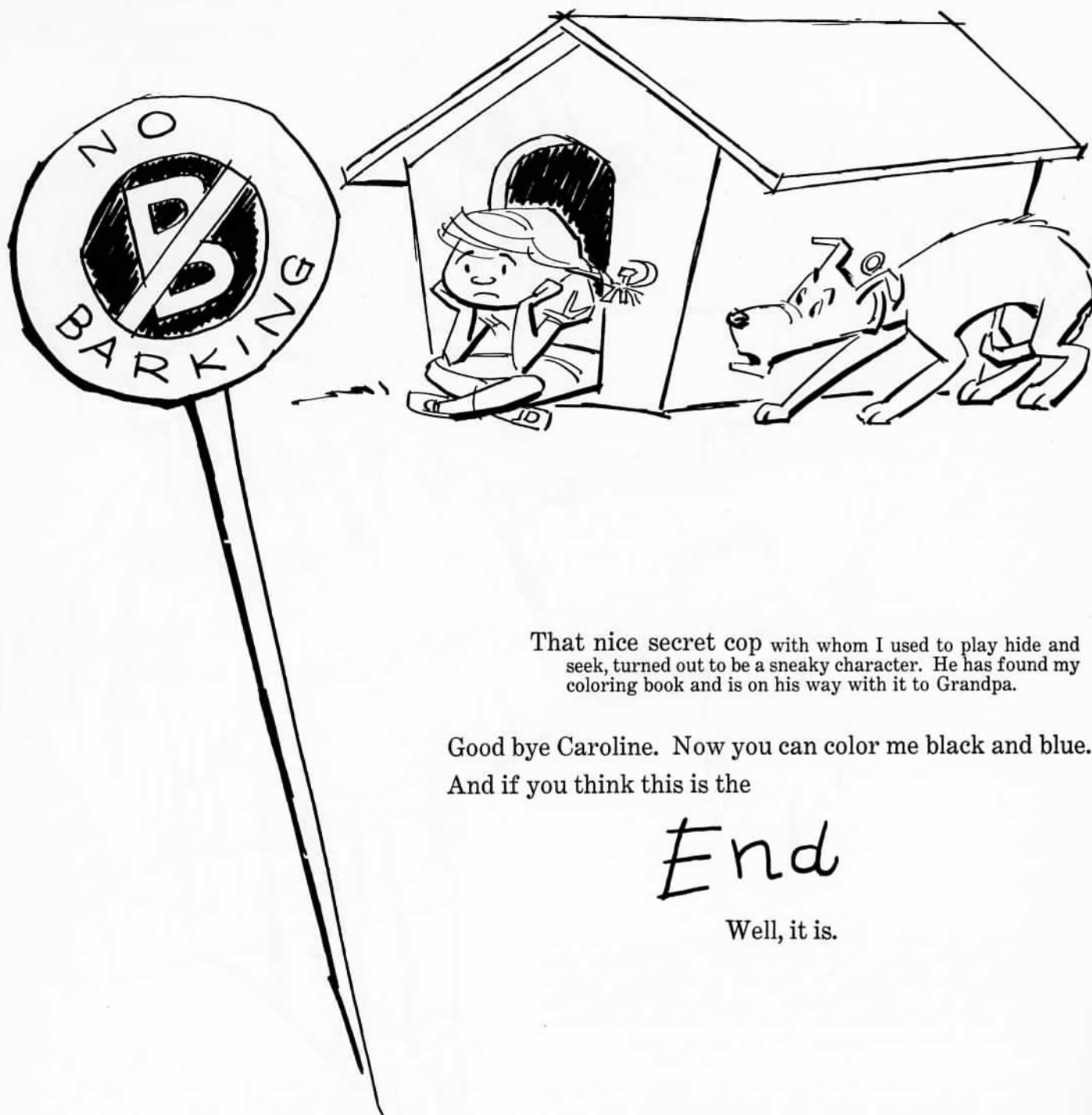


This is a map of Latin America. My big brother brought it home from school. He was in tears. His teacher told him to paint each country a different color, and he doesn't know what to do, they change so fast. But the teacher told him to hurry up, because next year he'll have to learn about Africa and there everything changes much faster.

Oh how my brother hates geography. It's so confusing, he says. They've got a Red Sea and a Dead sea, why can't they make it a Dead-Red Sea?

I got so worried, but Grandpa comforted me. "By the time you'll go to school Nyetochka," he said, "you can color the whole map red."

So follow Grandpa's instructions.



That nice secret cop with whom I used to play hide and seek, turned out to be a sneaky character. He has found my coloring book and is on his way with it to Grandpa.

Good bye Caroline. Now you can color me black and blue.
And if you think this is the

End

Well, it is.

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